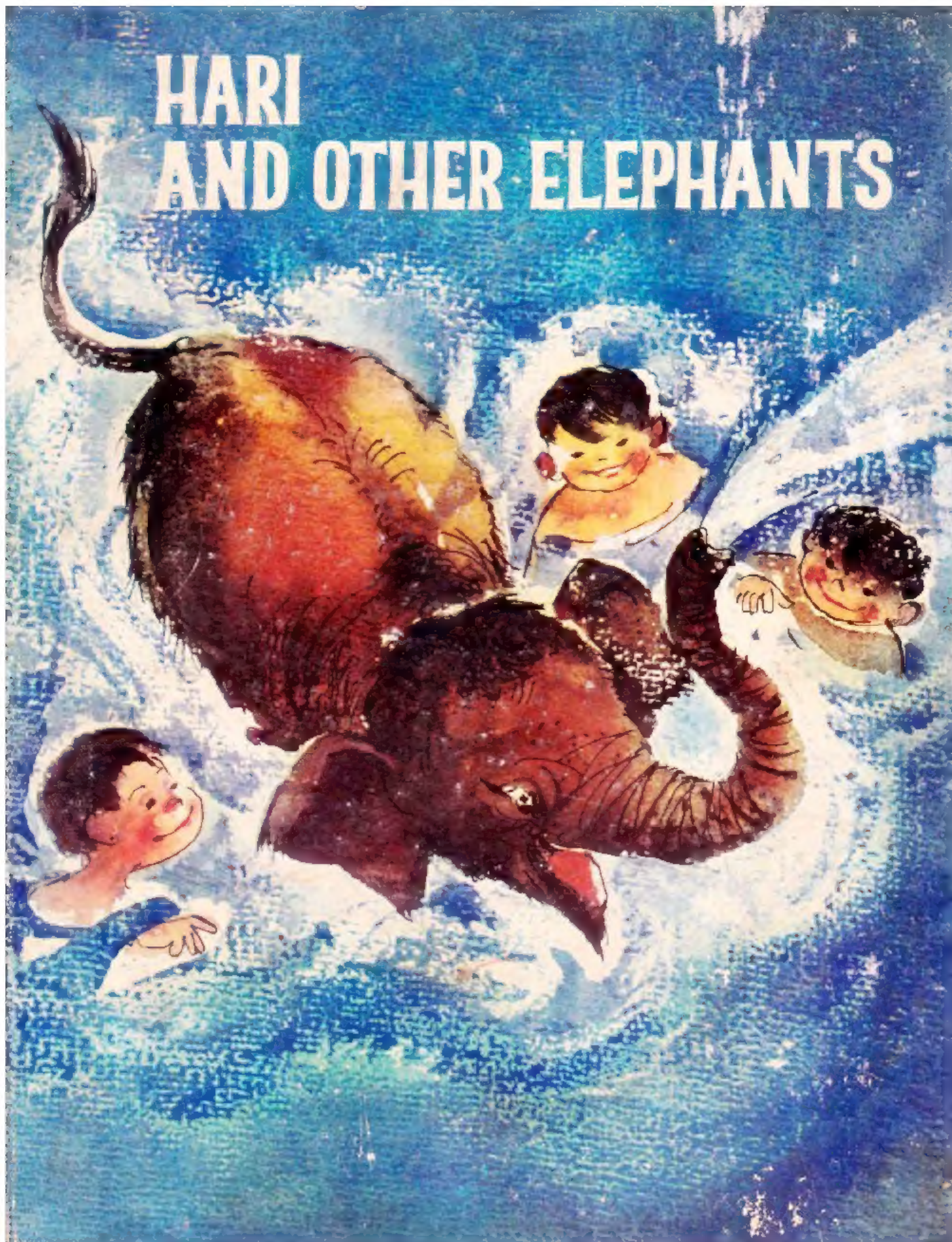


HARI AND OTHER ELEPHANTS









CHILDREN'S BOOK TRUST NEW DELHI



HARI AND OTHER ELEPHANTS

BY SHANKAR ILLUSTRATED BY PULAK BISWAS



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FOREWORD

We can learn a lot about elephants by seeing what they do when they are unhappy or in trouble, or when their feelings are hurt or they are worried about something. People who have anything to do with elephants very often make mistakes simply because they do not understand what an elephant feels.

In South India there are a very large number of stories about elephants. When I wrote the six stories in this book I borrowed many incidents from those stories. I wanted to show what elephants feel and how they think and behave. So in the stories in this book the elephants do only things that it would be possible for an elephant to do.

SHANKAR



HARI

Hari was a huge grey tusker. He belonged to a rich landlord. Hari had spent a long season working in the jungle. Now he had come back to the town.

Mohan was a boy who loved elephants. He liked to hear and read stories about elephants. He collected pictures of elephants and kept them neatly in an album. Whenever he heard that an elephant was anywhere near, he went at once to have a look at him.

Mohan and his parents went to live in the same town as Hari. One day when Mohan was on his way to school, he saw Hari chained to a large tree in the rich landlord's garden. Mohan stopped and went in to see Hari. Hari was the biggest elephant he had ever seen. He was thrilled to have such an elephant so near.

Every day on his way to school, Mohan stopped at the garden to see Hari. Hari also took notice of the boy who came to see him so regularly. He waited eagerly for Mohan to come and as soon as he arrived Hari turned to him, flapping his ears, and swinging his trunk. Mohan felt that Hari was saying to him, "How are you, Mohan? Where are you going? I like you, Mohan. Come every day and see me before I go out for my bath."

Mohan waved his arms as if to say, "I love to see you, Hari. But I have to go to school now. I shall come tomorrow."

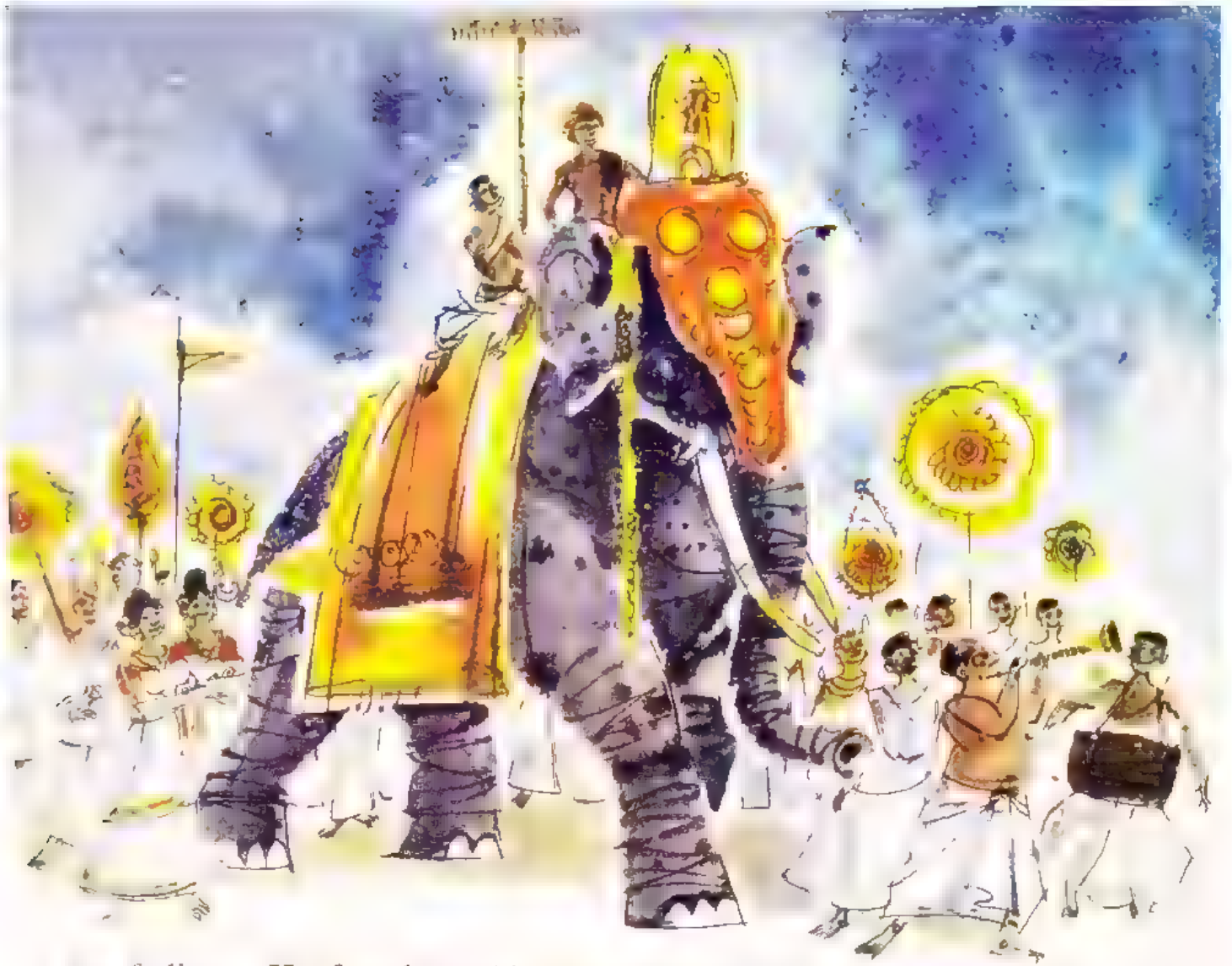
And Mohan came the next day, and the next. And so it went on.





Near Mohan's house there was a big temple and every year a festival was held there. The festival lasted for ten days and many elephants were brought to take part in it. Hari was the biggest of them all, so he led the temple procession. He had done so for many years. Hari was a clever elephant. He knew exactly what to do and where to go. No one had to order him to do anything. This year, however, the temple had a new manager. He brought Chathu, another big elephant, to take part in the festival.

The festival started, and the elephants were given their places in the procession. The new manager ordered that the new elephant should lead the procession in place of Hari. When Hari saw that his place was being taken by another elephant he felt insulted. He grew angry. He wanted to fight the newcomer. Hari's mahout understood



his feelings. He feared trouble. Immediately he chained Hari's forelegs and hind legs together. Hari could not move fast. He knew he was helpless.

When the procession was over, Hari was taken back to the garden to rest. He was chained to the tree as usual. He was still very angry.

The next day, when Mohan passed that way, he was surprised to find that Hari took no notice of him. Mohan waved his arms many times, but still Hari would not look at him. Mohan called out to him, "Hari, Hari, I am here." Then at last Hari heard him and welcomed him as usual. But Mohan felt that there was something wrong with Hari. He looked sad and troubled.

Hari had two mahouts. They came and took him to the river for



his morning bath. As they came near the river, Hari suddenly stopped. He was breathing very fast. The mahout who was riding him saw that Hari was angry and looked around to see what the matter was. He saw that the new elephant, Chathu, was coming down another path on his way to the river. Hari's mahout feared there would be a fight between the two elephants. He sent word to Chathu's mahout to warn him of the danger. Chathu must go back.

But Chathu's mahout did not heed the warning and the elephant walked on towards the river. Hari's mahout then tried to turn Hari back, but the elephant refused to obey his order. Instead, he went towards Chathu. Again and again the mahout tried to stop him. Hari grew angry with the mahout and threw him down. And the next moment Hari rushed forward to meet Chathu. Chathu's mahout now realized the danger, but it was too late. Hari was now quite close. The mahout quickly jumped down and ran to a safe distance.

The two huge elephants met. They charged each other with terrible force, just like two mountains dashing at each other. No one dared go near them.

The mahouts climbed up trees and shouted to the elephants, ordering them to stop fighting. But the fighting did not stop. It only grew more fierce: for each elephant was trying to kill the other.

Hari was more intelligent than Chathu, and he was also more skilful.



He stood back and waited for Chathu to come at him. Chathu charged. But suddenly Hari stepped aside, and Chathu missed him. This threw Chathu off his feet. Chathu fell with a great crash, and Hari pinned him down with his tusks.

But suddenly Hari stood back. He let Chathu get up. Chathu knew that he had lost the fight. He turned round and quickly ran away. Hari did not follow him. The punishment he had given was enough for Chathu.

Now Hari walked towards the temple. He wanted to meet the new manager and deal with him in the way he deserved. News reached the people at the temple that Hari was coming and that he was very angry. Hari was now quite close to the temple. They quickly bolted all the gates from within. Hari went to the main gate. He found it locked. He gave it one big push, and the gate crashed open. Hari went straight to the manager's office, but the manager had gone. So Hari pulled down the roof of the office and knocked down a wall.

A crowd of people had collected at a distance. Some climbed on the roof of the temple, some climbed up trees. They all shouted at Hari and ordered him to stop his mischief. As Hari moved towards the gate they threw stones at him. Hari was hurt and he started running.

Then Hari's mahouts came and began to run after him, but Hari ran faster. He ran out into the street. The crowds that had gathered outside the temple were in a panic when they saw the huge elephant rushing into the street. With cries and shrieks they ran for safety. Some attacked Hari by throwing bricks and stones at him. Then Hari







became mad with anger. He chased whoever he met and pulled down and smashed whatever he saw.

News of Hari's actions spread all over the town. Mohan was in school when he heard that Hari had become wild and was killing people. He was very upset and could not remain in the school. He quietly slipped out of his class and ran towards the temple. He must find Hari. On the way he saw people running away in panic. He stood at the side of the street watching the crowd. The people shouted at him, telling him to run away as the mad elephant was coming. But Mohan did not move. He wanted to see Hari. He would wait for him.

Soon Hari came running past him, and Mohan called out loudly, "Hari, Hari, Hari." The huge elephant stopped and turned towards Mohan. Mohan waved his arms and again called, "Hari, Hari, Hari. Don't you know me?"

The elephant looked at Mohan, wondering whose voice it was, and then he recognized him. Hari flapped his ears and swung his trunk, just as he had done every morning under the tree in the garden.

The mahouts were watching from a distance. They were amazed when they saw Mohan standing close to Hari, and Hari welcoming Mohan by putting out his long trunk. The mahouts saw that Hari was coming back to normal and they went slowly towards him. The elephant did not move. They patted him and called him sweet names. Then at last they led Hari to his master's house and chained him to the tree.

The manager of the temple realized he had made a mistake. He went to Hari and spoke kindly to him and told him how sorry he was for what he had done.

The next day the temple festival continued and when the procession set out, there was Hari at the head of it as usual.





MALATI AND THE COCONUT

Malati was a cow elephant, gentle and beautiful. She had a mahout named Karuna. Karuna had been her mahout for many years and he loved Malati as though she were his own little daughter. Now that he was getting old, he took on a helper. This was a young man named Ramana. He, too, was fond of elephants. He was rather a mischievous young man and sometimes he played little tricks on Malati. Malati, of course, loved him and she liked playing with him.

One day, Karuna and Ramana were taking Malati home after her bath. On the way they had to pass a small shop. The shopkeeper liked Malati and gave her a coconut. Malati broke open the coconut with her foot, removed the shell and ate the white kernel.

Then Ramana wanted a coconut too, and so the shopkeeper gave him one. The elephant and the mahouts left the shop and went on their way. Ramana was riding the elephant and Karuna was walking beside her. Ramana was impatient. He wanted to eat his coconut then and there. To break open the coconut he struck it on the head of the elephant. Malati cried out in pain.

"What have you done?" cried Karuna. "You have hurt Malati."

"I am very sorry," said Ramana.

The next day Malati and the mahouts passed the same shop, as usual. The shopkeeper had only one coconut, and this he gave to Malati. This time Karuna was riding the elephant and Ramana stood beside her. Malati took the coconut in her trunk. She remembered now Ramana had struck her on the head with his coconut. She thought she would do the same to him. Immediately she struck the coconut on Ramana's head!

"What have you done?" shouted Karuna. "You have hurt Ramana."



Ramana fell down unconscious, and blood was flowing from his head. Karuna and the shopkeeper lifted him up, put him on a cot and rushed him to hospital.

Malati followed behind them. When Ramana was taken inside, Malati waited outside. Several hours passed, and at last Karuna came out to take the elephant home. But Malati refused to go with him. The mahout tried his best to get Malati out of the hospital compound, but she would not leave the place. Karuna realized that Malati was feeling sorry for what she had done. She was worried about Ramana. So Karuna had to let her have her own way. The whole day passed, and the whole night too, but Malati stayed there. The next morning the mahout tried again to take her away, but still she would not move.

Karuna brought her some food to eat, but Malati would not touch it. He gave her water, but she refused to drink it.

In this way another day and another night passed. Malati still stood where she was, without moving, and without eating or drinking.



The next day, Ramana regained consciousness. Karuna told him about Malati. Ramana was anxious to go out and see Malati and tell her not to worry. So the doctor let him go out in a wheel chair. As soon as Malati saw him, she trumpeted a wail as if to say, "Forgive me, forgive me, Ramana." Ramana patted her.

"I am all right, Malati," he said. "Do not worry. Go home now. Go and have your food and your bath. I shall soon get well."

Malati now felt happy. Ramana went back into the hospital and Malati went away with Karuna.

But every day Malati went to the hospital with Karuna to see Ramana.

After a few days, Ramana's wound was healed and he left the hospital with Malati and Karuna.







SATI AND BABU



Devaraj was a peasant. He left his village and took a large plot of forest land for cultivation. He cleared the forest and started farming. The land yielded good crops and Devaraj made some money. He built a small house and brought his wife, Kamala, and his son, Babu, to live with him.

Babu was then twelve years old. In the village he used to go to school, but there was no school anywhere near his new home. Babu did not like the place at all. He had no friends there and he felt lonely. He had nothing to do and he was very unhappy. But Babu was fond of music. He had a flute and he could play well on it. He could sing well, too. Very often he went to some quiet place and sat there playing his flute for hours and hours.

Kamala, his mother, on the other hand, did not feel the change very much. She had much to do in running the house. Life was much the same for her as it had been in the village.

One day, Kamala was drawing water from a deep well. It was summer and very dry. Everywhere, rivers and tanks were drying up and the animals moved about in search of water. Kamala had just filled her vessel when she suddenly saw an elephant walking towards her. It was a wild cow elephant. Kamala was frightened and cried out in alarm. The elephant heard her cry, and at once stood still and looked at her with a sad face. Kamala quickly ran and hid herself behind a huge tree. From there she peeped to see what the elephant would do.

The elephant went to the well in search of water. There she saw the vessel which Kamala had left. She put her trunk into the vessel, took up all the water, and poured it into her mouth. She wanted more water. She looked at Kamala who was still peeping from behind the tree. Kamala knew what the elephant wanted, but she was afraid to go near. The elephant sensed Kamala's fear, and moved



away from the well to the place where she had stood before. Kamala went to the well, drew water, filled the vessel and ran back to the tree. Again the elephant went to the well and drank up all the water in the vessel. But still she was thirsty, so again she went away to allow Kamala to fill the vessel. Kamala filled the vessel again and once more the elephant drank it all up. The elephant needed more, and still more water, and Kamala had to fill the vessel many more times before the elephant's thirst was quenched. For some minutes the elephant stood at the well looking thoughtfully at Kamala before she turned and moved away, slowly and painfully, into the jungle. Kamala watched the elephant till she disappeared from view.

"That elephant seems to be ill," thought Kamala. "Poor thing. She can hardly walk."

Kamala ran home and told her husband and Babu about the elephant she had met. Babu wanted to go out at once and look for the elephant. But Devaraj stopped him.

"Wild elephants are dangerous," he said.

The next morning, however, Babu went out and very soon he came running back in great excitement.

"Mother, mother," he said, "I saw the elephant. It is there, lying down and sleeping."

"Lying down?" said his father. "Elephants don't go to sleep in the morning. There must be something wrong with that elephant."



So they all went out to see what had happened. It was true. The elephant was lying down. And when they went quite near they found that she was dead. But there, beside her, was something which showed signs of life. It was a new-born baby elephant.

"This is the elephant that came to me yesterday," said Kamala. "She came back to give birth to the baby before she died."

Babu was very happy and wanted to see a baby elephant. He thought it was wonderful.





"Can we take it home with us, father?" he asked.

"Yes, you can take it home," replied Devaraj. "But now I have to do something about the dead elephant. We shall have to bury her."

Devaraj went and called some people together. They dug a huge pit and buried the dead animal.

In the meantime, Kamala and Babu took the baby elephant home. It could not walk very well, but they could not carry it because it was so heavy. So they helped it along and made it move little by little. It took them a long time to reach home.

Thus Babu had a baby elephant at home as his pet. He was very happy. He felt he now had everything he wanted. He spent all his time with the elephant. He fed it, bathed it, and looked after it.

The baby elephant grew up. It was a cow elephant and Babu named her Sati. Sati liked Babu very much. She followed him wherever he went. They played and ran about together. But Babu did not give up his flute. Whenever he had the time he played on the flute and Sati listened to him. Babu would sway his body in tune with the music and Sati started doing the same. Babu was surprised to find that Sati was dancing to his tune. So he began to teach Sati to dance and she was very willing to learn.

Little by little he taught Sati how to move to the different tunes he played, and very soon the elephant was able to dance to all his tunes.

Sati grew bigger and bigger. She needed more and more food. Devaraj found it difficult to keep a growing elephant. He had hoped to make some money by selling Sati when she grew big enough. But that would take a few more years, and Devaraj was already in debt. Every morning he had to give her a lot of milk, and during the day she ate a big heap of boiled rice. All this cost money and he did not have much money. So he decided to sell the elephant right away. He looked for buyers. One by one the buyers came and saw the elephant. Each one offered a different price.

When Babu learned that his father was going to sell Sati, it was a great shock to him. He could not think of letting Sati go. What would he do without her?

"You can't sell her," he said to his father. "If she goes, I will go with her."

Devaraj tried to explain to him that he could not afford to keep an elephant. If he sold Sati now, he could send Babu to the school in the town. But Babu did not want anything but Sati.

Babu was very sad. He started crying. He tried to think of a way to keep Sati with him but he could not find a way. Once he thought he would leave Sati in the jungle and then he could go and meet her there. In fact, he took her one day to the jungle and told her to go



away. But Sati would not go. She went back home with him.

Then Babu remembered that elephants were kept in the zoo. He had once been to the zoo and he had seen elephants there. So now he thought that if the zoo would take Sati in, he could go and visit her quite often.

Babu said to his father, "If you want to sell Sati, why not sell her to the zoo? I shall myself take her there and get a good price."

Devaraj did not know whether the zoo would be willing to buy another elephant. However, he allowed Babu to take the elephant to the zoo to sell her if he could get a good price.

The very next day Babu set out with Sati to go to the city. He walked by her side for some time, then rode on her back when he





became tired. In the afternoon he reached the zoo and went to see the manager.

"I have brought my Sati to sell to you," Babu said to him. "She is a good elephant."

"We do not want to buy another elephant now," said the manager.

"But," said Babu, "just take a look at my elephant. She is beautiful, and she can dance. She will be very good for your zoo. Please buy her."

"I am very sorry, I cannot help you," said the manager.

Babu was very disappointed. He left the zoo. He did not know where to go. He wandered about the city with Sati. People stared at him and his elephant. He was tired. He sat down on the side of the road for a little rest. He took out his flute and started playing. Sati started dancing. People were amazed to see an elephant



dance. Soon a crowd collected around Babu and Sati.

Then a man from the crowd came to Babu and talked to him about his elephant. And the man said to Babu, "Wouldn't you like to see many elephants doing wonderful feats in the circus? There is a circus very near here. I shall take you there, if you like."

Babu wanted to see the elephants playing. So he went with the man to the circus. Sati followed behind. Babu was told that he could not take his elephant into the circus, so he tied Sati to a tree outside and went in. He liked the circus very much. When the performance by the elephants was over, Babu ran out to his own elephant.

But Sati was not there.

"Sati, Sati," he cried. "Sati, where are you?"

But Sati was not to be found. He asked many people where his elephant had gone. But nobody could tell him anything about Sati. He ran about, still calling "Sati, Sati," but he could not find Sati anywhere and there was nobody to help him.

Then Babu remembered the zoo manager. He ran to him and told



him what had happened. The zoo manager took pity on Babu and went with him to the circus. He sent for the circus manager and asked him about Babu's elephant. The circus manager said that he had not seen the elephant and did not know anything about it.

"The elephant was lost here and we shall have to inform the police. But before that we would like to search the place," said the zoo manager.

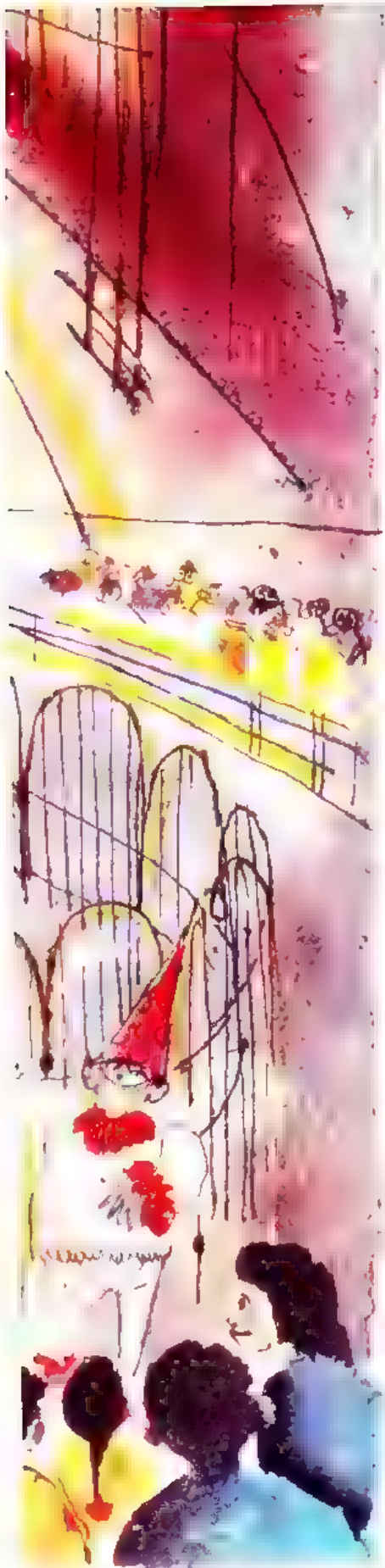
"You can search if you like," said the circus manager.

"They all went with Babu from tent to tent and searched for Sati. But she was not anywhere there. Babu then took out his flute and started playing it. The shrill trumpet of an elephant was heard in the distance. It was Sati's voice. They went straight to the place from where the sound came and there in an old hut they found Sati tied up.

"How did she get here?" cried the circus manager. "Some of my men must have done this. I am really very sorry."

Quickly Sati was untied and released. She and Babu greeted each





other, happy to be together again. Then Babu turned to the circus manager and said, "My Sati can dance."

The circus manager took them to a large tent and asked Babu to show him what Sati could do. Babu played on his flute and Sati began to dance. Babu changed the tune, Sati changed her steps.

The people were very surprised at Sati's dance. They had never before seen such a feat by an elephant. The zoo manager now offered to buy the elephant. But the circus manager was so pleased with Sati that he offered to pay a bigger price. He also offered to take Babu into the circus and give him a good salary.

So Babu and Sati joined the circus. Sati danced in the circus shows and all the people were thrilled. The circus was very popular, and soon it became famous.

Babu enjoyed his work in the circus. He worked hard and was very happy because he was with Sati. Babu and Sati were such firm friends that people began to call Babu 'Sati Babu'.

Years went by and Sati Babu's position in the circus rose higher and higher. Finally he became the owner of the circus. And that is how the circus came to be known as 'Sati Babu's Circus'.





THE LEADER

In a jungle in Mysore there was once a herd of wild elephants. In the herd there were bull elephants, cow elephants, and baby elephants, and altogether there were thirty of them. Their leader was a huge tusker.

One day, they were all wandering happily in the jungle when they heard in the distance a terrible thundering sound. The elephants were frightened and they turned round and started to run away from the noise. But suddenly they heard the same loud noise again. And again it was in front of them. All the elephants stood still. They sensed great danger. There was danger behind them, and danger in front of them. Which way should they go? They did not know whether to turn to the left or to the right. Suddenly the same loud noise came again. It was on their right! So now they all turned to the left and ran and ran as fast as they could. Now the noise came from all sides, but not ahead of them. So these wild elephants ran on, and as the terrible noise around them became louder, they ran faster and faster.

The huge grey tusker, the leader of the herd, was at the rear; he

was keeping a close watch on all sides. Suddenly he saw that ahead of them there was something like a wide gate. All the elephants were running through the gate. He thought it would be dangerous if they went any further. He stood still and cried out a loud warning. The elephants heard him and stopped. They turned back. But then they saw the huge gate closing. They rushed towards the gate, but they were too late. The gate had closed them in.

The huge tusker now found that he was separated from his companions. He was their leader and he wanted to be with them, but the big gate was between him and his herd. He charged at the gate, trying to break it down. But the gate was too strong for him. He tried again and again. But all his efforts were in vain. Then he heard loud shouting. He knew that people were approaching and that it was not safe for him to remain there any longer. So he ran away, leaving all his companions behind.

The wild elephants now knew that the gate had been closed to stop them from going back, but they thought they could go in other directions. They moved fast in every direction, but wherever they went they saw huge barricades. They ran about trying to find a way out. But there was none.

Now it was clear that the only way for them to escape would be through the barricade. They attacked it with all their force. But the barricade was very strongly built and no herd of elephants could break through it. When they found they could not escape from this place they all became very frightened. They stood huddled together, ready to defend themselves against any possible danger.

Twenty-nine wild elephants were inside a trap. This trap was a kheda. It had been set up by people to catch the wild elephants. And it was these people who had been making that terrible noise by beating drums and firing crackers. They knew that the noise would frighten the elephants and drive them into the kheda.

So now men appeared on all sides of the kheda. They were very happy and excited. They began to shout loudly, for they were very pleased that they had trapped such a large number of wild elephants. They had spent much time and money, and they had worked very hard to make the kheda. But their work did not end there. Next, these elephants would have to be taken out and tamed. Then they would be sold. To catch the elephants, to take them out, and to





tame them were difficult tasks. The wild elephants were inside a wide area and it was dangerous for anyone to go in and face that big herd. But these men had ways and means of overcoming this difficulty.

On one side of the kheda there was a small opening, just wide enough for an elephant to pass through. The people drove the wild elephants to that side. Finding an opening, they all rushed towards it, thinking it was a way to escape. But people were closely guarding the opening. When one elephant had passed through, they closed the opening, thus separating that one elephant from the rest. But the elephant which came out of the kheda did not escape at all. It was caught in an enclosure like a huge cage. Then, tame elephants and trained men came in. They roped the wild elephant, took it out, and led it to the taming centre.

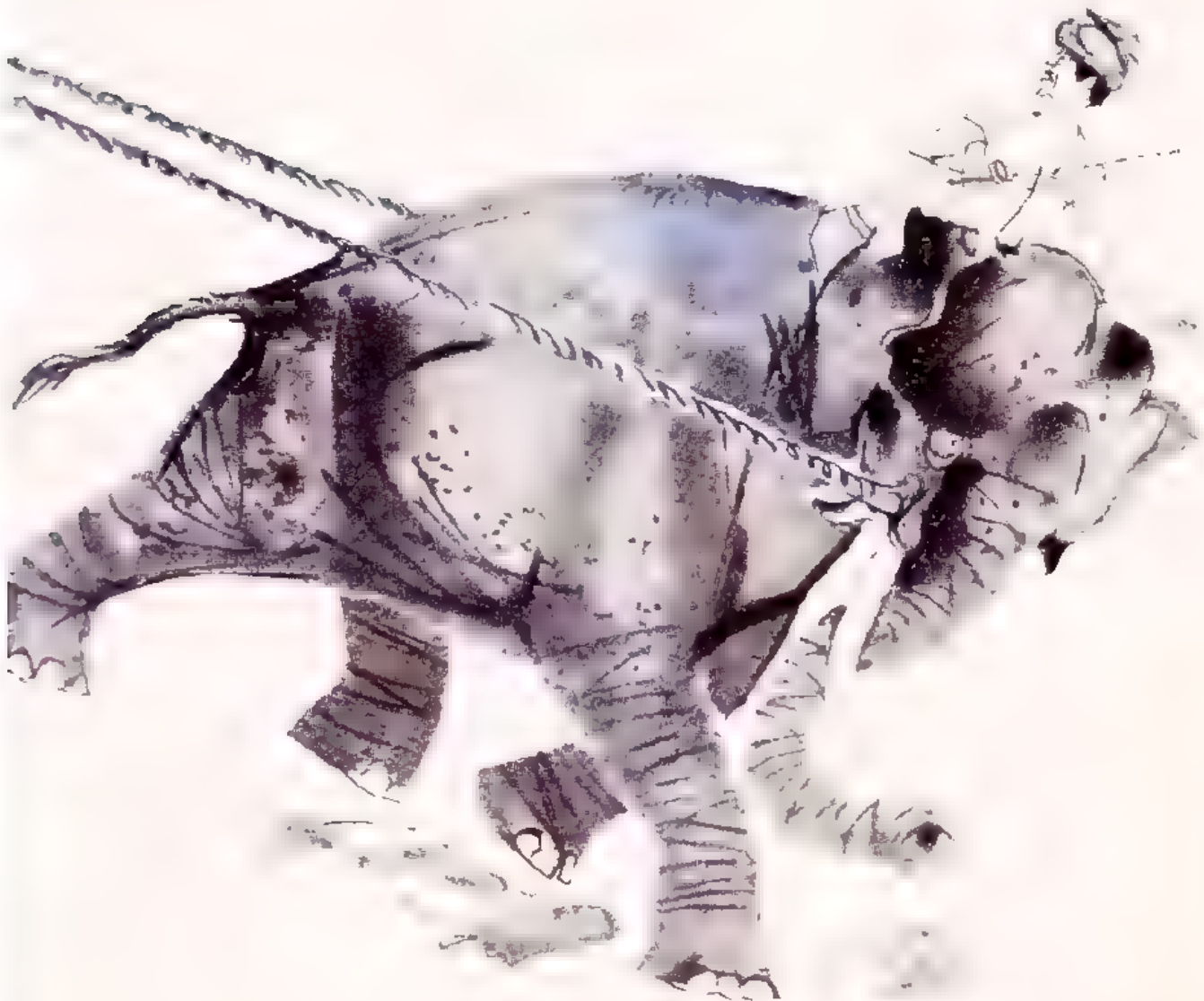
One by one all the twenty-nine wild elephants were thus caught and taken away to the taming centre, a place on the edge of the jungle. And there they lived for many months to be tamed and trained and taught how to work for men.

The huge tusker, the leader of the herd, did not give up hope of helping his friends. Again and again he went back to the kheda and tried to get in. But of course he could not do so. All he could do

was wait outside and watch his friends. Every day he went and stood at a distance looking at his companions. He saw how they were caught and how they were taken away one by one. When all of them had been taken away to the taming place, he also went there. He stood behind the huge sheds and continued his watch. He saw all that was happening to his friends during their taming and training.

In about six months all the wild elephants were tamed. They became friendly to men. They obeyed orders. They were able to work as ordered by men.

All this time, the tusker had continued to watch his companions. Many a time he wanted to help his friends to get away; yet



sometimes he wished he could be with them.

Now the elephants were ready to be sold. The men decided to hold an auction and sell all the twenty-nine elephants they had trained. A day was fixed for the auction.

Hundreds of people came from all over the country to buy the elephants. On the day of the auction the people assembled in the open in front of the taming centre. A man stood on a platform and began to auction the elephants.

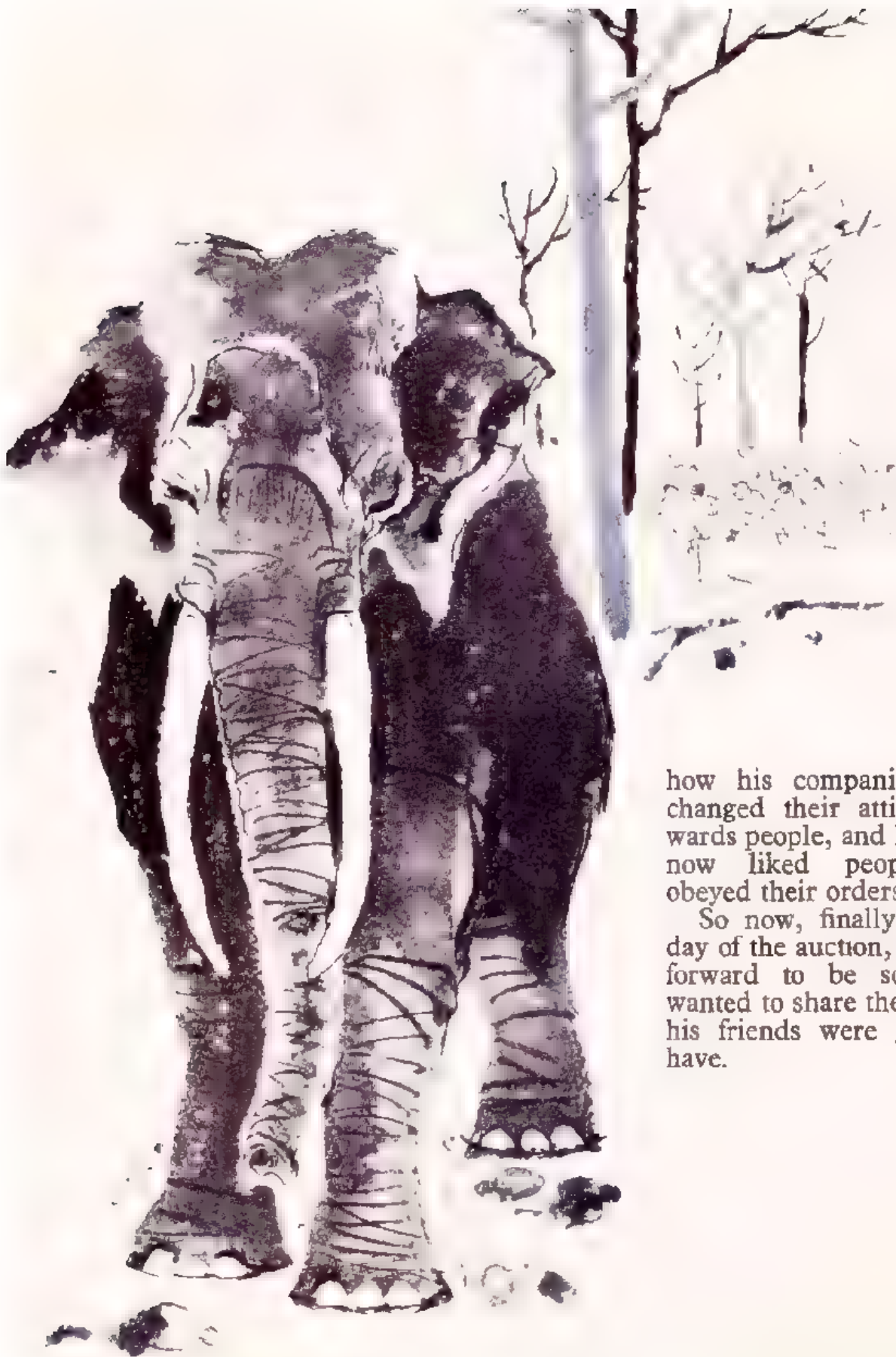
One elephant was taken to a space in front of the platform and chained to the stump of a tree. The buyers examined the elephant, finding its good and bad qualities. Then the auction began. The bidding started at a low level but finally the elephant was sold for a big sum. Then another elephant was brought in and sold in the same way.

One by one all the twenty-nine elephants were sold. There were no more elephants left to be auctioned. Then, to everyone's surprise, another huge elephant, a tusker, came forward and stood near the tree-stump, as if he were going to be auctioned. Where did this one come from? Nobody knew. All the people looked at one another and asked questions about the newcomer.

This tusker was none other than the leader of the herd. Although he had been separated from his friends ever since they were caught in the kheda, he had not lost interest in them. Every day he had watched them from a distance, sharing with them every new experience during their six months in captivity. He noticed, too,







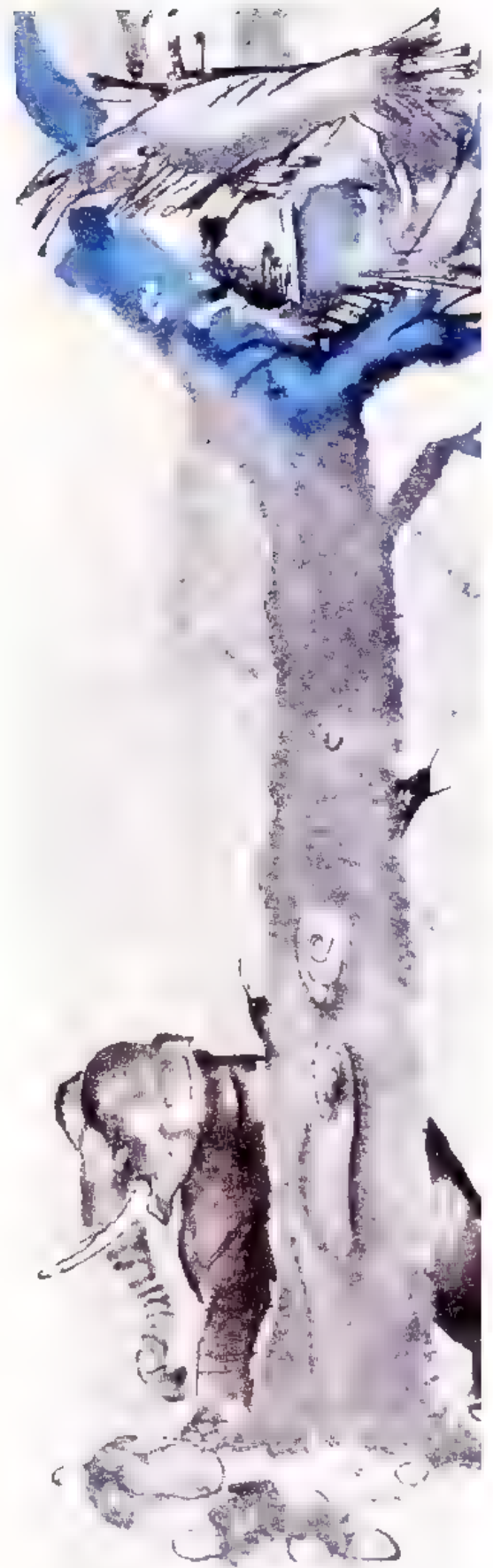
how his companions had changed their attitude towards people, and how they now liked people and obeyed their orders.

So now, finally, on the day of the auction, he came forward to be sold. He wanted to share the new life his friends were going to have.

PAPPI

Pappu was an ambitious farmer. Some forest land had been cleared for cultivation and he started a farm there. The place was not yet free from wild animals. It was very dangerous to live there. Pappu made his home high up in a tree. There he felt safe. Every night he used to watch the wild animals roaming about. Of all the wild animals who came, the one Pappu feared the most was a rogue elephant. He was a huge tusker moving about all alone. Pappu had heard how this tusker had destroyed crops and attacked people.

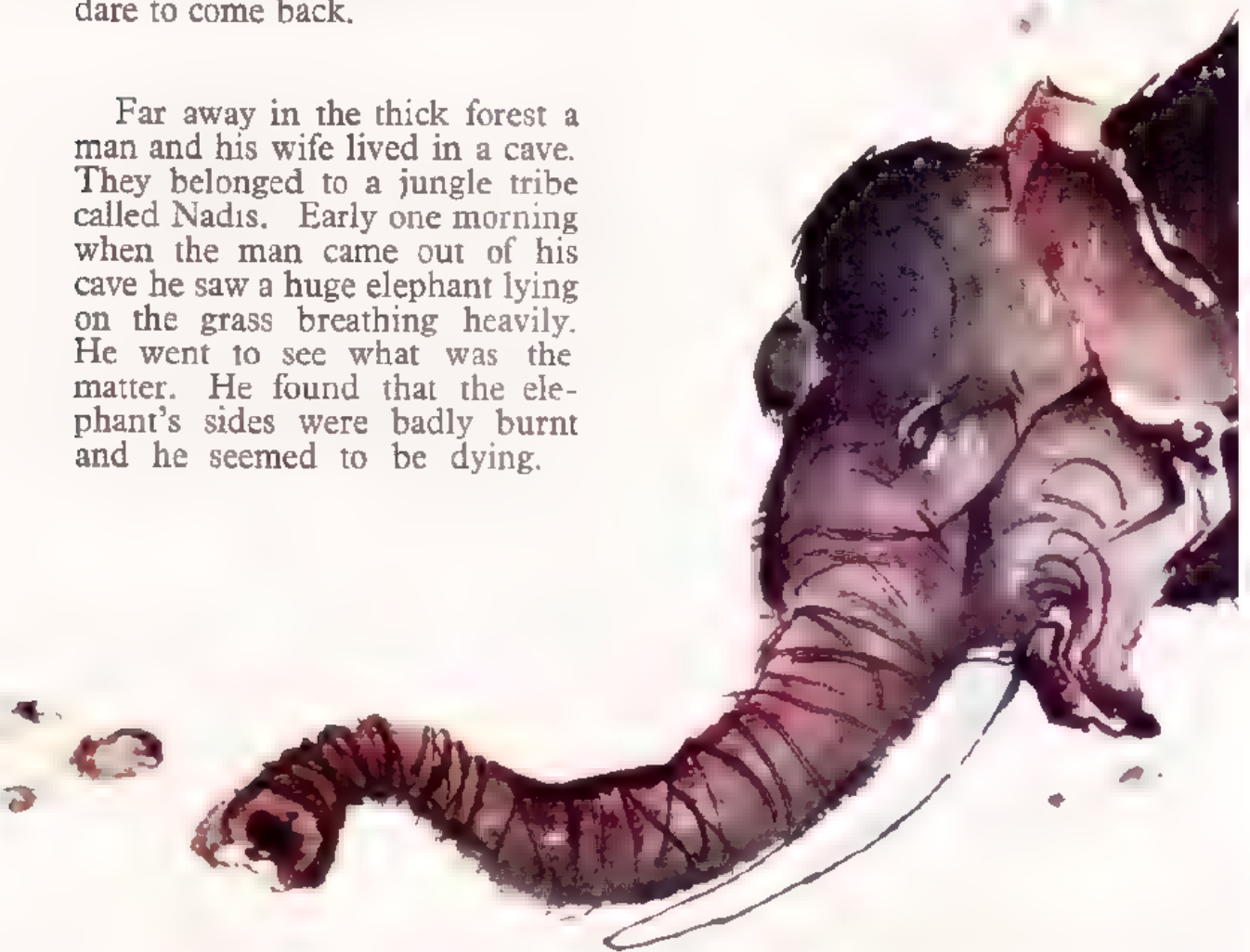
One night, when Pappu was in his little house up in the tree, he heard a noise. He looked out and saw the rogue elephant at the foot of the tree. Pappu trembled with fear. He thought the elephant might pull the tree down and kill him. He wished he could drive the elephant away but he did not know how to do so. Suddenly an idea struck him. He took two pieces of wood and made two large torches. Next, he took a piece of rope and tied a torch on each end of it. He then poured oil on the torches and lighted them. He looked down. The elephant was still there. He dropped the torches down so that the rope fell across the elephant's back and the torches hung one on either side.



The elephant was frightened and tried to shake the torches off. But they were held together by the rope, close to his sides, and they began to burn him. The elephant was soon in great pain. He cried out in agony and began to run. With the rope still across his back and the torches still burning his sides, he ran and ran, and disappeared into the forest.

Pappu felt very pleased with himself. He had been able to drive the wild elephant away. How clever he was. He thought he had taught a good lesson to that rogue elephant, and he was sure that the elephant would never dare to come back.

Far away in the thick forest a man and his wife lived in a cave. They belonged to a jungle tribe called Nadis. Early one morning when the man came out of his cave he saw a huge elephant lying on the grass breathing heavily. He went to see what was the matter. He found that the elephant's sides were badly burnt and he seemed to be dying.



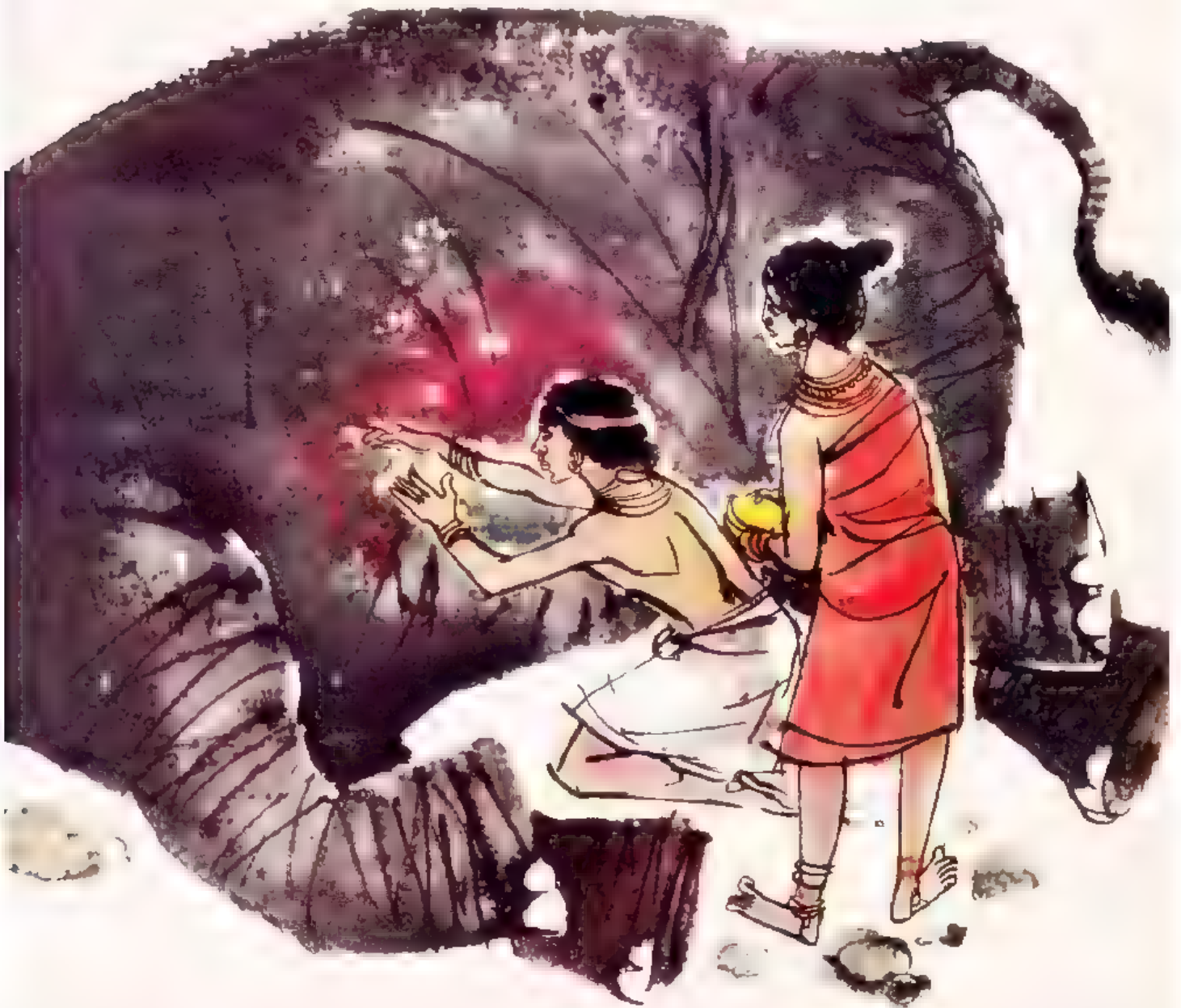
The Nadi shouted to his wife, "Pappi, come here, come here."

His wife came running out of the cave. He explained to her what had happened and told her to go at once and gather some herbs.

The woman went and gathered the herbs he wanted. The two of them ground the herbs into a paste. Then the Nadi spread the paste gently on the burns.

In the evening, the Nadi and Pappi went to have a look at the elephant. He was much better. His breathing was easier, and he was moving his trunk and opening his mouth.

"Pappi, Pappi, bring some water," cried the man.





Pappi went and fetched some water in a big gourd. The man poured the water into the elephant's mouth. The elephant drank all the water, but still he kept his mouth open. He was very thirsty.

"Pappi, Pappi, bring some more water," said the Nadi.

Pappi quickly fetched more water and her husband poured it into the elephant's mouth. Pappi had to fetch water many more times before the elephant had drunk all that he wanted.

The next morning when the Nadi came out of his cave he found that the elephant was standing up. But he at once lay down quietly as soon as he saw the Nadi.

"Pappi, Pappi, the elephant wants more medicine," the Nadi told his wife.

The woman went out and collected the herbs, and once more they spread the paste over the elephant's burns.

The next day the elephant walked about a little. He went a short distance into the forest, but returned for the medicine. The Nadis had to look after him for many more days before the burns were completely healed. And then the elephant went away and did not return.

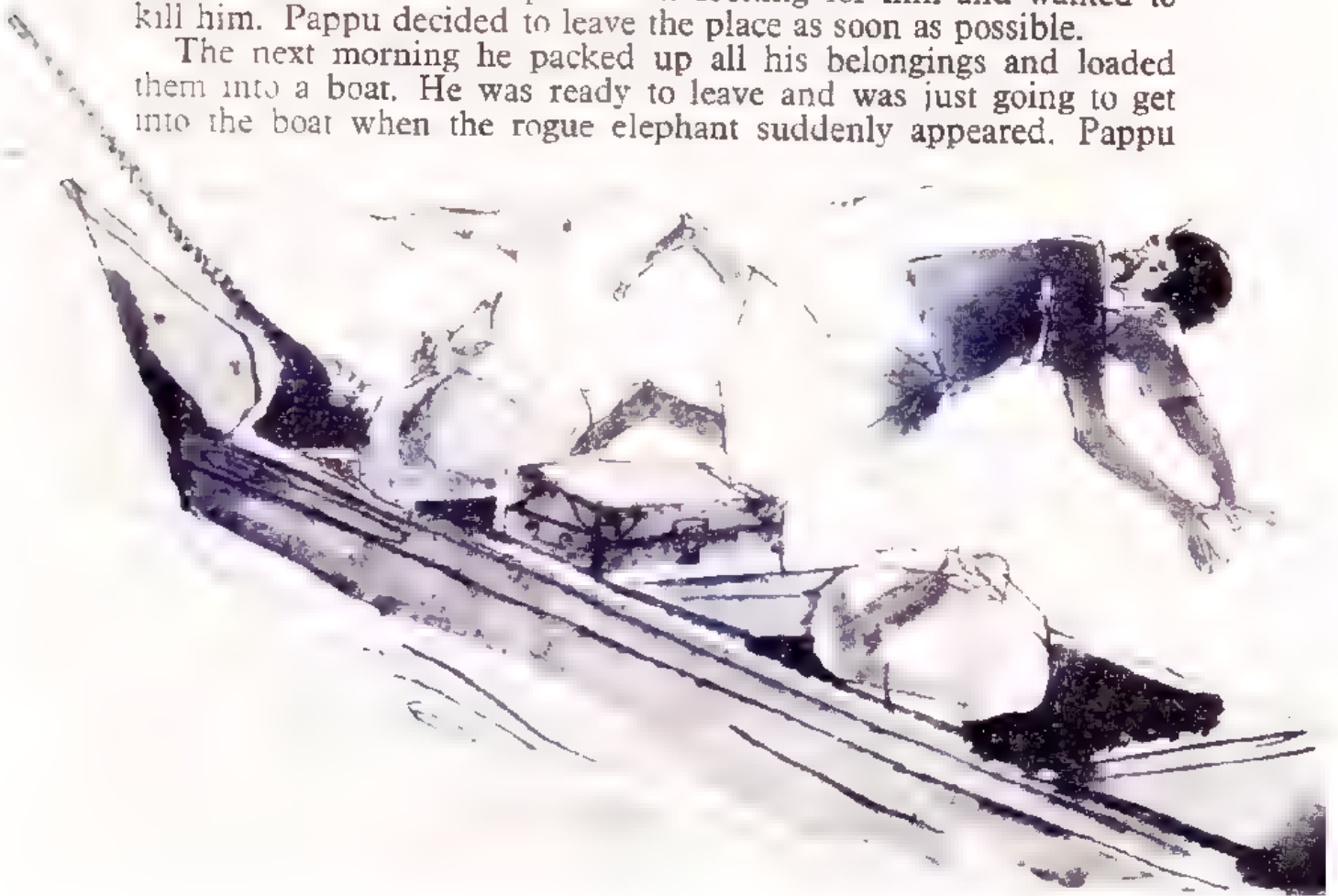
In the meanwhile Pappu, the farmer, had moved out of his tree into a house. His crops were good and he was making good money. He had a wife and he brought her to his new house and they both lived there happily.

One night Pappu heard a heavy crash. He went out to see what had happened. He saw that a huge elephant had pulled down the tree in which he used to have his home. He knew immediately that the rogue elephant had come back. He was afraid that the elephant would now create further trouble. He decided that it was not safe to stay in his house. He and his wife went down the hill and spent the night in a guest-house.

The next morning Pappu found that the elephant had destroyed some of his crops. He knew that the elephant had not forgotten what he had done to him. Now he had come back to take revenge. Pappu realized that he must be very careful not to give the elephant a chance to attack him or his wife. He immediately sent his wife back to the village and stayed alone in the house to keep a close watch on the rogue elephant.

The elephant came again the next night. He destroyed more of Pappu's crops and then moved about as if searching for something. Pappu knew that the elephant was looking for him and wanted to kill him. Pappu decided to leave the place as soon as possible.

The next morning he packed up all his belongings and loaded them into a boat. He was ready to leave and was just going to get into the boat when the rogue elephant suddenly appeared. Pappu





jumped into the river and swam under the water to the other side. In this way he was able to escape.

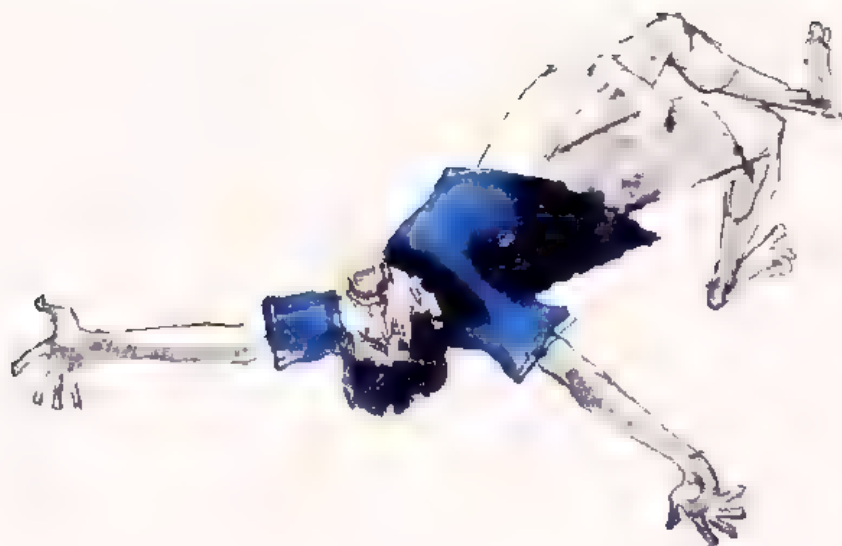
The elephant could not do anything to Pappu, but his boat was there. The elephant kicked at the boat. The boat shot forward to the middle of the river, but came back to the shore at the same speed, as it was tied to a tree with a rope. The elephant thought that the boat had life. He dragged the boat out of the water and put it on the shore and smashed it to bits. Then he just walked away.

Pappu was watching the elephant from the other side of the river. He knew that he had had a narrow escape. He did not want to take any more risks. He sold his property and left the place for good.

Pappu went far, far away. He bought a tea estate and settled down there with his wife. He was very successful and after a few years he had a beautiful house on the estate and many servants.

One day some of his friends came to visit him. They had guns and said they wanted to go hunting. Pappu agreed to take them in his jeep. They had hardly gone a mile outside the estate, when they saw a huge elephant blocking their way. It was the rogue elephant, and he was so near that they could not use their guns. They all jumped out of the jeep and ran away. But the elephant caught Pappu in his trunk, while the others escaped. The elephant, still holding Pappu in his trunk, kicked the jeep into the ravine. He then moved into a clearing, tossed Pappu a few times, and threw him up into the air. Pappu flew towards the sky. He lost all hope of living. As he was falling down, he saw that the elephant had raised his head and





was pointing his tusks upwards to receive Pappu on them. Pappu felt his end was near. He thought of his wife and wanted to take leave of her before he died. "Pappi, Pappi," he cried aloud. "Good-bye, Pappi, I am going."

As soon as the elephant heard him calling "Pappi", he stepped back and caught Pappu in his trunk. Laying him gently on the ground, the elephant turned and walked away. And no one saw or heard of the elephant again.

Pappu never understood what had happened. He did not know that he owed his life to his wife because her name happened to be the same as that of the Nadi's wife who with her husband had saved the life of the rogue elephant.





CHANDU

Chandu was a beautiful, gentle elephant. He was not one of those wild elephants that had been caught and tamed. He was born among people and brought up by people.

His mother belonged to the village temple. He had been born on the vast temple lands, and there he grew up. His playmates were the children of the village. They loved him and he loved them. He ran with them and played with them. Sometimes the children brought sweets and fruits and shared them with Chandu; and sometimes the children went to the temple tank to bathe and swim. Chandu was there with them, bathing and swimming. When the children dived into the water he plunged in after them. They all had great fun together.

As Chandu grew older, the people of the village saw that he had all the qualities of a great elephant; so they wanted to give him the best possible training. They selected an expert elephant trainer and Chandu had his schooling under him. Chandu was a very intelligent elephant. He learnt his lessons quickly. He learnt to move to the left, to the right, backwards, and forwards. He also learnt to sit, stand, and do all the movements ordered by the trainer. Then, too, he learnt how to salute, how to take leave, and how to behave in the company of people.

Chandu grew bigger and bigger. He was given a mahout named Chickoo. Then Chandu learnt to do work. He hauled heavy loads and huge logs of wood from one place to another. And he took part in temple festivals.

Chandu was a handsome elephant. Everybody liked him. His fame spread far and wide. He was in great demand for festivals and processions.

One day, he was taken to a temple festival far away. Many elephants were there, but Chandu was made the leader of them all, because he was the best among them.

After the festival Chandu and Chickoo were returning home. On the way Chickoo felt very thirsty and hungry. He saw a shop. So he



led Chandu to the shade of a mango tree. He leaned his stick on the elephant's foreleg. That was an order not to move. Then Chickoo went to the shop. There he met some old friends and he sat for a long time in their company. Chandu waited and waited, but his mahout did not return. He, too, felt thirsty and hungry. Chickoo was neglecting him, and he did not like being neglected. So Chandu became naughty. He knocked the stick down and walked off down the road.

The people who were passing that way were surprised to see an elephant walking fast without a mahout. They thought the elephant was mad and they were frightened. So they wanted to drive away the mad elephant. They started attacking Chandu with stones and bricks. Chandu was hurt and he started running. The people ran after him and threw more stones at him.

Chandu was very sad. He never thought that people would attack him like this. He had always loved people, and played with their children. He had never wanted to harm anybody. Now he wanted to



tell these people that. But he did not know how. Once he turned to look at them, wishing they would understand, but he only got more stones and bricks.

So the only way to save himself was to run. And he ran. A large stone hit him on the head. He smarted with pain. He raised his trunk in salute as a sign of surrender. But nobody understood him. They pelted him again with stones and he had to run faster. He stepped off the road and ran among the gardens. Trees grew there, and among the trees were houses. The people in the houses were frightened and ran away when they saw the elephant coming. But Chandu did not attack anybody or destroy anything. He only wanted to slip away amid the trees and the houses. But still they came after him, and he could not get away from them.

Soon he came to a small house. The people who lived there had gone out to work. There were only two children at home. They were in the courtyard when Chandu went that way. Seeing the elephant,

the elder child ran away. The younger one was lying on a mat, fast asleep. Chandu saw the child and quickly went and stood beside it. The people were alarmed, thinking that the child would be trampled to death. But Chandu did nothing of the kind. He just stood between the child and the house. He knew that he was safe there, for nobody would dare throw a stone at him because it might hit the child. The people waited at a distance, anxious to see what the elephant would do.

Chandu stood there watching the people. He was still afraid that they might find a way to attack him again. He looked grave. He was very sad. He waited anxiously, wondering what would happen next. At last his mahout came running to him. Chickoo was shocked to see that Chandu had been injured by the bricks, and that blood was flowing from his wounds.

"What have you done to Chandu?" he shouted at the people. "You have attacked an innocent elephant." The mahout patted Chandu and told him he was very sorry that he had left him alone on the roadside.

"Come, let us go home," he said to the elephant.

But Chandu would not move. The mahout pulled his ear and said, "Come, come, we are getting late. We must reach home before it is dark."

Chandu followed the mahout as if he were walking in his sleep. He took no interest in anything. From time to time he stopped on the way. But the mahout kept urging him on. It was evening when they reached home. There Chickoo attended to Chandu's injuries and then chained him to a tree. The mahout went and collected all the food and water that Chandu needed for the night and put them near him. He then left Chandu alone.

Early the next morning when Chickoo returned, he found Chandu





standing exactly as he had left him the previous evening. He had not slept during the night nor had he taken his food. Chickoo understood that the elephant was sad because of what the people had done to him.





"Come and have your bath, Chandu," he said. "Then you will feel better."

Chandu went with Chickoo to the river and had his bath. But Chandu's mind was elsewhere. He just blindly obeyed the mahout's orders.

During the whole day and night Chandu did not take any food or drink. He just stood there listlessly. Chickoo felt very sorry. He did not know what to do to bring Chandu back to normal. He asked the temple folk. They all came to see Chandu. They called him endearing names and offered him bananas, sugarcane, and coconuts. Chandu had always liked these things. But now he would not even look at them. He did not hear what anyone said. The people were now afraid that the elephant would get more sick. He might even die. They all wanted him to get well soon, but none of them knew what to do.

The news that Chandu was not well spread throughout the village. Everybody was sorry to hear the news. The children were sad, and some of them began to cry. They all went to see Chandu. They took fruits and sweets with them. They stood around him, offering him their fruits and sweets.

Chandu took no notice of the children. He stood still with his eyes closed. But more and more children gathered round him, and some started singing and dancing.

"Chandu, Chandu, we love you, Chandu," sang the children.

Again the children offered sweets to Chandu.

"You must have some sweets," they said. "You know you like sweets."

Chandu heard the children and opened his eyes. He watched the children dancing happily around him. Then he wanted to be with them. The mahout noticed this and quietly removed the chain from his leg. Chandu moved forward and joined the children.

Then there was great fun. He began to accept whatever they offered, fruits, sugarcane, and sweets. Somebody brought a bucket of milk. A child offered it to Chandu. The elephant dipped his trunk into the milk and drank gratefully. His eyes twinkled. Chandu was his old self once again.





